The Sketch

No. 2548—Vol. CXCVI. WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1942. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

FIRESIDE CHAT.

This charming, intimate snapshot of THE KING *and* QUEEN *enjoying a joke at their own hearth-side is one of a set for which their Majesties graciously gave a special sitting for the Centenary Number of our sister-paper "The Illustrated London News." The actual anniversary date was May 14, and the photographs appear in natural colour in the issue of May 16. Another photograph from the same set, which includes the two Princesses, will be found on pages 282-283 of this issue.*

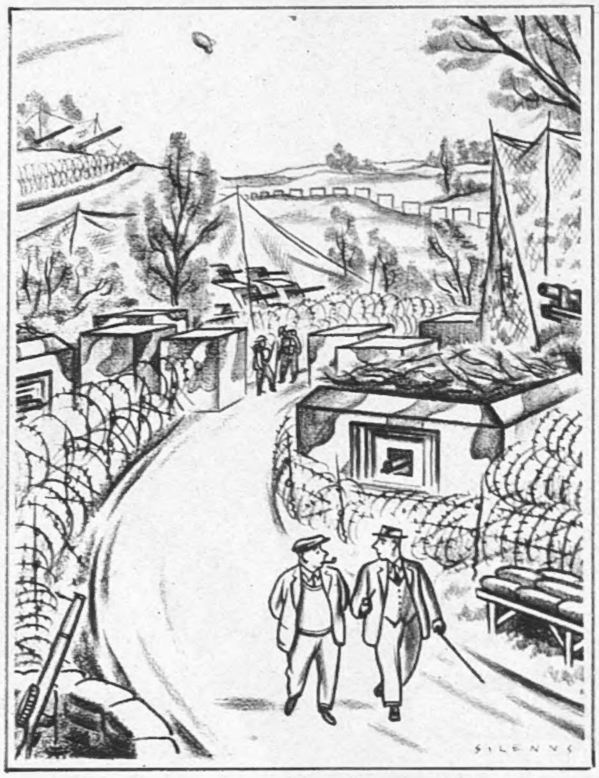
SPECIALLY TAKEN BY FOX PHOTOS FOR THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CENTENARY NUMBER.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

The Merry Month.

For about six weeks the wind blew ceaselessly straight from the North Pole. It whistled through one's bones and blew one's liver about from side to side. Meanwhile, the sun came out and so did the flowers. One stood in the sun—and shivered in every limb. At last the wind dropped and (hope springing eternal) one began to shed a few clothes and blankets. All this time, not a drop of rain for the flowers and the infant vegetables. Gardens and cabbage patches parched to dust. And then, later the Arctic blast began again, the sun smiling gaily the while as if it were all a great lark. I believe they call it a "blackthorn winter." There are other names for it. I am not at all surprised to see that the Nazi New Order is to include a "controlled climate." It involves a few little details like widening and deepening the English Channel, letting the Gulf Stream into the Baltic, and digging a few new bays and bights and inland seas; but what of that? We seem to be planning everything else; why not plan the weather? In my opinion (possibly influenced by lumbago and similar spring delights) it is high time that Sir William Beveridge took the matter in hand. Until then, this is the most sensible thing I have ever heard about the New Order.



"I hear there's some talk about making this a defence area."

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Twentieth-Century Blues. Have I caught myself grousing again? Shame on you, Alan! Take your cue from the Musical Magistrate, who should be an example to us all. An erring sister was before him charged with a girlish frolic of D. and D. She confessed to "one or two" (over the odds, our Special Correspondent states), "because she felt miserable." The Bench addressed her in the following terms, which we can all take to heart in these difficult times:

"When you feel blue, find something to do
For someone who's feeling bluer than you."

The lyrical effect was slightly marred by the prosaic addition, "Half a crown"; but the defendant appears to have considered the counsel of perfection cheap at the price, and promised to try it next time "instead of the tiddley." I commend not only the admirable sentiment, but the judicial precedent. It is all too rarely that our Bench bursts into song or that sentences are accompanied by musical honours; and the administration of justice would be much sweetened if these little amenities were more frequent.

At a Cheap Pennyworth, Pause Awhile. But magistrates cannot always be bright and gay. There are times when they must show righteous indignation, and at present it seems to be directed chiefly against Fun Fairs. "Amusement arcades," said a Justice of the Peace the other day, "are an absolute abomination." This, I confess, grieves me. The slot machine has always had an irresistible fascination for me. Put me on a pier with a pocketful of coppers and I can, for a happy hour or so, forget all the horrors of a popular seaside resort. I can, at comparatively small expense, extract a great variety of excitements from these ingenious machines, from electric shocks and marionette football matches to having my character and my future revealed (on a neatly printed card) by the Gypsy or the Magic Crystal. And all the time I believed that I was indulging in the most innocent of amusements! But now it appears that these apparently harmless contrivances attract all the basest elements of the population, and are a more facile Avernian descent than the gee-gees or the dogs themselves. Substance is wasted, youth corrupted and homes broken up—and all because of the yawning slots of machines and the low company which they attract! It is very sad and disillusioning; I shall never again be able even to get a tube ticket out of a machine without feeling that my feet are set upon the Primrose Path!

Yes, We Have No Pyjamas. Secretaries of State are very blunt and brutal sometimes. A shiver went through the nation the other day when Sir James Grigg made the curt announcement: "Pyjamas are not an issue to Other Ranks." The statement, besides being laconic, is ambiguous, for it leaves open several important questions—*e.g.*, are pyjamas an issue to officers? If so, of what material, pattern and colour scheme? And if pyjamas are not an issue, are nightshirts or any other form of slumberwear issued to Other Ranks? Or are we to understand that the gallant troops are issued with *no slumber wear at all*? I can hardly believe this, but if it is so, I should like to ask the Government — what has become of democracy? I had understood that in the modern Army we were all pals together, and it violates all one's instincts to think of the Colonel snoring away in a sleeping-suit of lilac silk and the private soldier reposing in nothing but his simple underwear. You don't find that sort of thing in the Russian Army. Ah! these class distinctions, and oh! that Old School Tie! Must it pursue us even to our beds? However, it may be some satisfaction to down-trodden Tommy to know that Austerity is beginning to make itself felt even among the pampered officer class. In future they are to have no pleats on the pockets of their tunics, and no sewn-on gauntlet cuffs. And, of course, no insertion on their pyjamas. The Other Ranks are revenged.

BOOM AND BOMB.

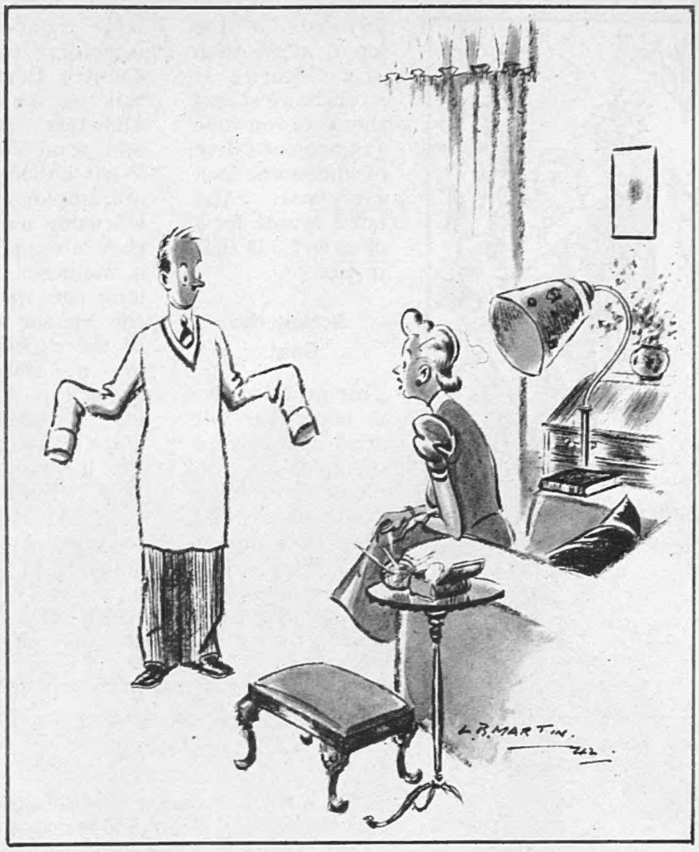
DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

Scrap the Lot. And, after all, what are pleats and gauntlet cuffs to the things they have been doing to us mere civilians? I have just seen a lorry going by bearing a rich harvest of iron railings from the "desirable residential quarter" in which I live. It has undoubtedly been a grand railing season. I do not know how many thousands of tons of fencing metal have gone into munitions, but it must be an interesting figure. The most extraordinary thing about these iron-works is that, with hardly any exceptions, "they never would be missed." We now realise that our prodigal forbears spent millions of pounds on totally unnecessary, and usually unsightly, metallic barriers. Privacy? Railings do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage—and they never did. This is another development of the democracy aforementioned. In America they have never believed in fences and hedges and obstructions; they are not "neighbourly." For my part, I see all these railings go without any regret whatever, the more so because I don't happen to possess any myself, and I therefore contemplate with unruffled cheerfulness, amounting in some cases almost to pleasure, the sacrifices made by my neighbours.

"And Courtesy Was in Them All." I have known some of them, however, wax distinctly rude when the demolition party has arrived without notice to tear the garden up; and rudeness in these and the many other trying circumstances of the day must be restrained at all costs. Old-world courtesy is in the air; even our enemies are conducting a campaign for the "courtesy re-education" of the public, though it is not stated whether the Gestapo is to have a special course of instruction. German greengrocers, for example, are exhorted not to say to customers, when all the cabbages are sold out: "What do you want a cabbage for? You've got one between your shoulders already." This contest between Teutonic wit and Teutonic manners may impose a certain strain; but Dr. Goebbels will doubtless "re-educate." It has struck me sometimes that a little re-education would do no harm to some of our own shopkeepers who, when servility is no longer necessary, seem to consider incivility a good substitute.

Without Due Care and Attention.

The British Constabulary, as we all know, need no tuition in politeness, but even so it has been thought well to impress upon them the advantages of this virtue, especially when dealing with traffic offenders. Sweet reasonableness is urged upon them, and indeed, in the present complicated state of the traffic regulations, it is highly desirable. If the appeal to reason fails, a "severe lecture" is recommended, and if the "gentleman's warning" is unheeded—why, then, the ungentlemanly rigour of the law. Could anything be fairer? I am glad to see, however, that when occasion demands, even our polite police can take a stern line. The other day they successfully prosecuted a man for "wantonly riding" a bicycle. I have seen so many bicycles ridden wantonly that I rejoice at this vigorous policy, and I hope it will be extended to those death-dealing instruments, motor-bicycles.



"Well, Arthur, that evidently disproves the theory that I can knit and read at the same time." (DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.)

"Ordinary Seaman Tufnell, Sir, requests to see Captain for permission to get married, and also for fourteen days' survivor's leave."

DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME.

Criminal Crumbs.

Exactly what constitutes "wanton" riding, however—*e.g.*, is wanton wobbling a punishable offence?—I am not sure, any more than I am sure what constitutes "wanton" waste at the present time. The question is agitating the minds of about a million amateur poultry-keepers in the country, who want to know whether every crumb bestowed on the chickens is a misdemeanour and every cold potato a felony? The Food Waste Order makes it an offence to "throw away" any food fit for human consumption. Is a crust thrown to the hens "thrown away"? The hens certainly don't think so, but it is a nice point of legal interpretation. Potato-peelings are not generally regarded as fit for human consumption—not yet, anyhow—so that we may possibly have a ruling from the High Court that the peel is a patriotic contribution to the war effort, but the potato stamps the chicken-feeder as a Quisling.

The Chicken's Lament. If the bread is to be taken out of their mouths, and if they are to be denied even the coldest of cold potatoes, and if no other chicken-feed is obtainable, perhaps the Ministry of Food will tell us how hens are (*a*) to survive and (*b*) to produce eggs? Can hens live on love? Up to a point, no doubt; but is love enough? For that matter, can they live by bread alone? On these and other riddles of the farmyard, the Ministry of Food, as we should expect, preserves a Sphinx-like silence. How much more

[Continued overleaf

Ex-Film Producer : " I want this to be the most sensational, colossal, stupendous, terrific company in all the British Army ! "

DRAWN BY PITTS.

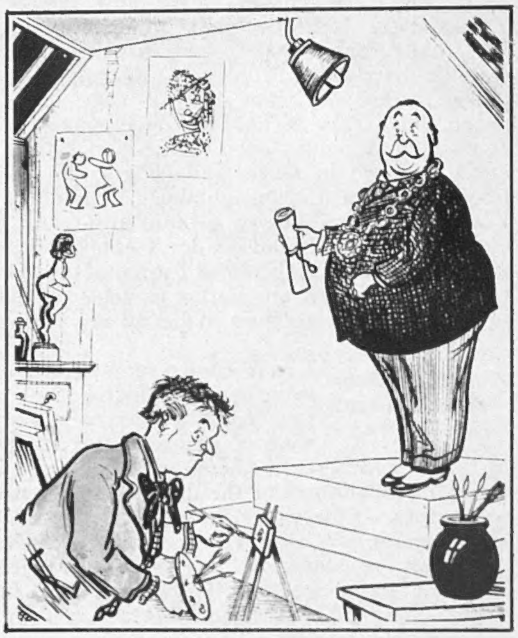
Continued]
fortunate is the lot of a rat than of a chicken ! It is officially stated that rats consume £25,000,000 worth of wholesome food every year. And not a crumb for a chicken ! Is that justice ?

Acting the Goat.

This problem, let us hope, does not arise in the case of goats, which have not the same fads and prejudices about diet. The interesting question about goats is not what they will eat, but what they will not eat. I have certainly known one nibble a newspaper with apparent relish and follow it up with a cigarette as a savoury ; but then it was an Italian goat, and the habits of foreigners in these matters are notoriously peculiar. The question is important, because, under the influence of the esteemed British Goat Society, an increasing number of the public are becoming goat-minded. And rightly ; for here is an admirable supply of extremely nourishing milk, if you don't mind your milk with a certain *body* to it. The productivity of some of these amiable creatures is most public-spirited. The highest distinction belongs to a nanny of Cambridgeshire, who is reported to have yielded 266 gallons of milk in a single year. Surely she deserves at least an honorary degree from the illustrious university of her county? Men—and women—have been awarded academic honours for far less.

The Wheels Go Round.

I see large possibilities for the British Goat Society. Its activities should be extended, and steps should be taken at once to affiliate to it a large number of official Departments, Boards and Committees. According to the latest estimate, we now have in this favoured country thirty Departments with Ministers at the head (or the tail, as the case may be) of them ; fifty Departments without Ministers ; and Boards, Commissioners, Controllers, Committees and semi-official Corporations like unto the sands of the sea. What nobody seems able to state is how many persons altogether are employed, at the public expense, by all these instruments of efficiency and war-winning. Let nobody suppose, however, that they are idle for a moment. Not long ago we had the classic story of the experience of a Borough Council in obtaining a mattress and a pillow, price £1 3s. 11d., for Civil Defence purposes. There were twenty separate stages in the transaction, which took three months in the process of gestation. To my certain knowledge, rather than essay this fantastic harlequinade, Civil Defence workers often purchase such poor comforts, and even necessities, as they have out of their own pockets.



The portrait-artist and paper restrictions.

DRAWN BY IAN PETERSON.

MOBILISE YOUR WASTE PAPER FOR WAR.

The W.P.B. is a treasure store of potential munitions of war. This is no exaggeration, for waste paper is one of the most precious forms of salvage, and it is essential to save every scrap of paper, every carton, or piece of cardboard which passes through your hands. One million tons of paper are needed this year, and it is up to everyone to regard paper economy and paper salvage as a necessary part of his or her war effort. Statistics given at a recent London exhibition pointed out that if everyone who travelled by bus saved one ticket per day, it would make 12,000 two-pounder shell cases ; while seventeen copies of a daily newspaper provide 1 lb. of covering for demolition cartons such as are used in combined operations. Don't forget such facts !

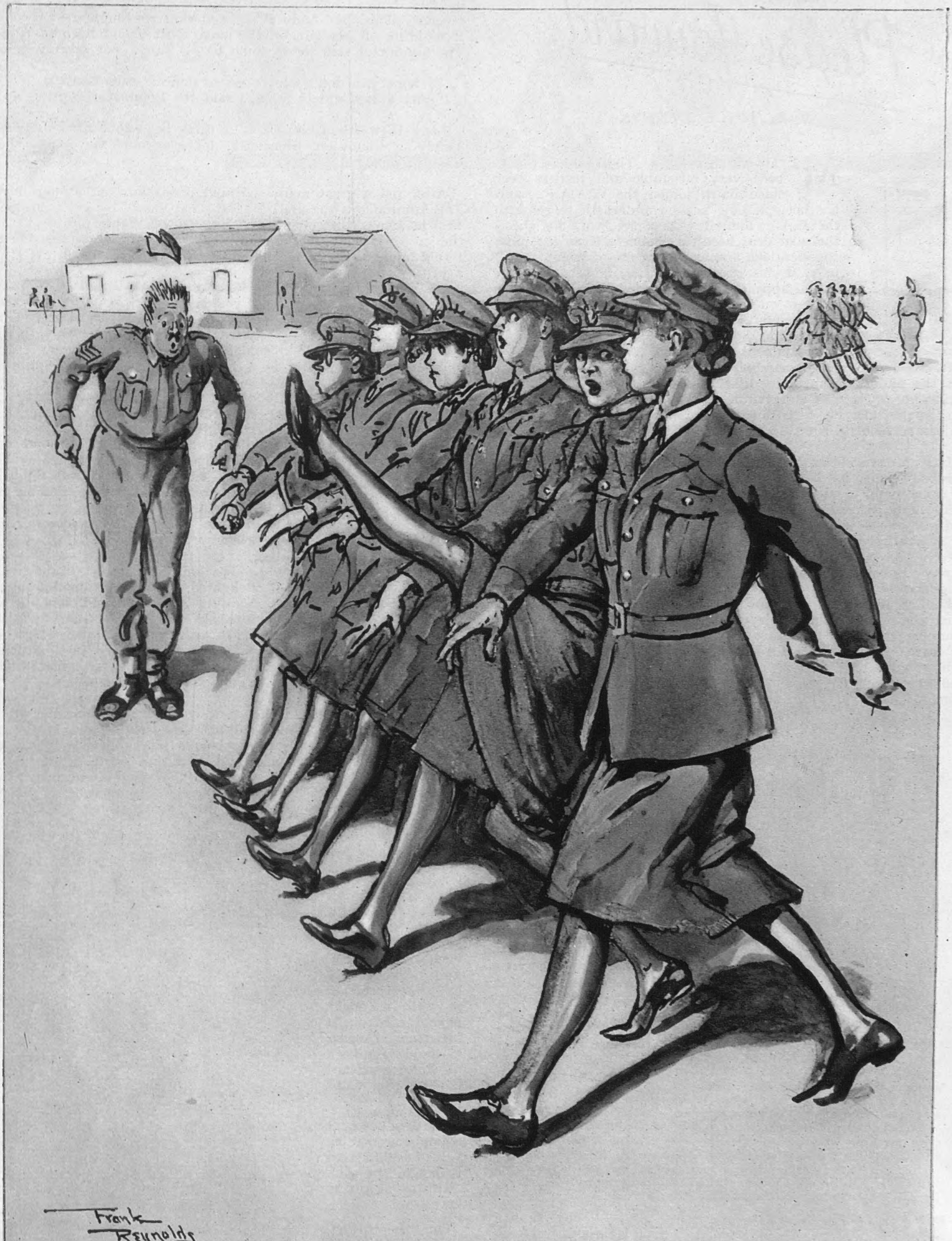
I Ask You !

I hate even to seem to show a prejudice in favour of my own sex, about which I daily become more humble—not to say abject ; but I could not help being struck by two contrasting items in the news the other day. Almost immediately after becoming a father, an airman had a bad crash, through a defective parachute. His first words, on recovering consciousness, were : " Don't tell my wife." Compare with this the following perturbing statement by a London vicar : " On several occasions when putting up the banns, the bride-to-be has proved ignorant of the Christian name or occupation of her intended husband."

" I wish you wouldn't remain tucked away there—I've mistaken you for one of the confounded greens ! "

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

The thirty-seventh of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of " The Sketch " is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

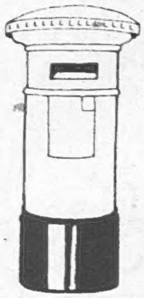


"WELL, HE SAID 'PUT A KICK INTO IT!'"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—The Conductor has been very miserable and restless ever since Faith joined the W.A.A.F.s, and has been moving heaven and earth to get into the R.A.F. himself. Of course, with his chest, the poor dear hasn't a chance. Even the most conscientious and assiduous fire-watching failed to raise his drooping spirits, and at last his dismal appearance began to get on everybody's nerves, and it was decided to ask him to organise an entertainment for the Aid to Russia Fund, the general opinion being that the almost insuperable difficulties of getting up any sort of entertainment these days would take his attention off himself and his personal sorrows.

Much to everybody's relief and nearly everybody's surprise, he jumped at the idea, and came round to our house that afternoon, where Lady B. was helping me to gouge bindweed out of the asparagus bed, to enlist our sympathy and help.

Lady B. always weeds sitting on a camp-stool, and while the Conductor was explaining his ideas for the Entertainment, she kept pushing a fork into the asparagus bed and cautiously levering the earth with it, and then triumphantly holding up a long, wicked piece of bindweed between finger and thumb and saying: "Look at that devil!"

"Lady B. always weeds sitting on a camp-stool."

"I don't believe you're listening to what I'm saying," said the Conductor plaintively.

"Yes I am," said Lady B. "It was something about a Patriotic Masque."

"With you as Britannia," said the Conductor.

Lady B. sat back on her camp-stool and stared at him. "Loneliness must have unhinged your mind," she said kindly.

"Not at all. We could get a very fine effect with some Union Jacks and one of the firemen's helmets."

"And suppose the fireman wants his helmet that night?"

"Don't be such a defeatist," said the Conductor irritably.

"What would Henrietta be?"

"'If I could be Peace, with a Dove . . .'"

"Nothing," I said hurriedly.

"Well, she's too thin to be anything much," said the Conductor, "but I thought we might work her in as Rationing."

"I don't want to be worked in as anything," I said.

"You mustn't be unpatriotic, dear," said Lady B. absently as she pulled a long and particularly vicious-looking piece of bindweed from the ground.

"Mrs. Savernack will represent Victory. She'll be marvellous," said the Conductor with enthusiasm.

Lady B. and I had to admit that Mrs. Savernack certainly would be marvellous, but Lady B. begged that she might be prevented from firing off her gun on the stage as it would frighten people. The Conductor said there would be no Bangs, but several dances.

"I hope you don't expect *me* to dance," said Lady B.

"Just a few stately steps," said the Conductor, getting up.

Lady B. watched him go. "I think he's gone mad," she said simply. "Come on, Henrietta, let's go and have tea. I've brought some milk."

After tea a great many agitated people arrived at our house. The Admiral was the first. "That chap says I've got to be John Bull in a mask or something," he said. "Wants me to cut half the crown off my topper and wear my riding breeches. When I told him I'd see him damned first he as good as told me I was a Fifth Columnist."

"My dear," said little Mrs. Simpkins, "you know I'd do anything to help win the war—*anything*—but I do *not* want to appear on the stage in my nightdress holding a banner."

"I happen to have an imitation snake," said Mrs. Whinebite, "and, of course, I made a close study of classical dancing for years, but I *do* think the Spirit of Evil ought to be represented by Hitler. Now, if I could be Peace, with a Dove——"

"Who and what is Colonel Blimp?" said Colonel Simpkins. "As far as I can make out, I've got to keep on coming in with no make-up, and swinging a golf club."

The only person who was really delighted with her part and determined that the Masque should come off was Mrs. Savernack. She arrived on our lawn with some curtains which she draped round herself, and struck a Victorious Attitude with her father's sword held aloft in the air.

The Conductor had said he would come round again after dinner to discuss the music, and Lady B. and Charles and I all three decided that we must somehow make him understand that the Masque could not take place. It seemed a shame when he was so happy and busy with it, and you can imagine our relief when he flung himself into a chair and said, "The Show's off. Faith is getting some leave, and I'm going to meet her in Town."

Lady B. closed her eyes. "Thank goodness!" she said, and the Conductor looked at her in surprise.

"You see, Old Boy," said Charles kindly, "it was a frightfully good idea and all that, but what with our stage, and everybody knowing everybody so well, it might have turned out a bit comic. I mean, it would have been a bit awkward if people had laughed."

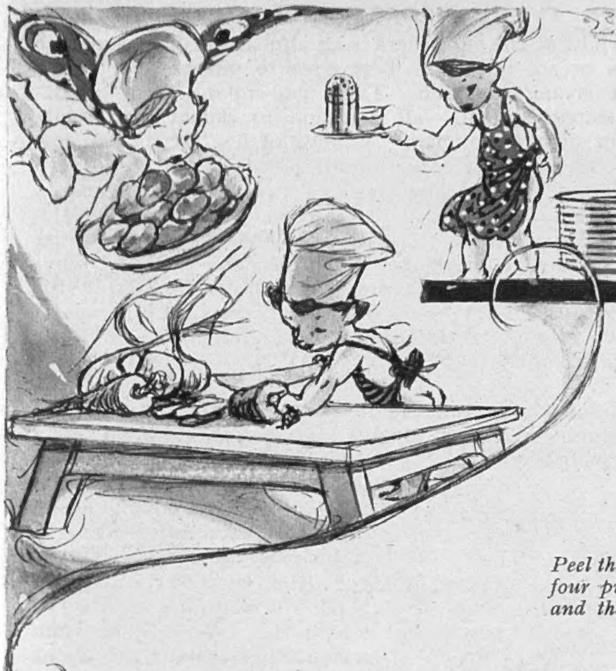
The Conductor sat up and stared at us. "But I *wanted* them to laugh," he said. "It was meant to be comic."

Can it be, Robert, can it possibly be that the Visitors are right when they say we are slow in the up-take?

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

". . . struck a Victorious Attitude."



EVERY WOMAN'S RECIPES.

POTAGE PARMENTIER.

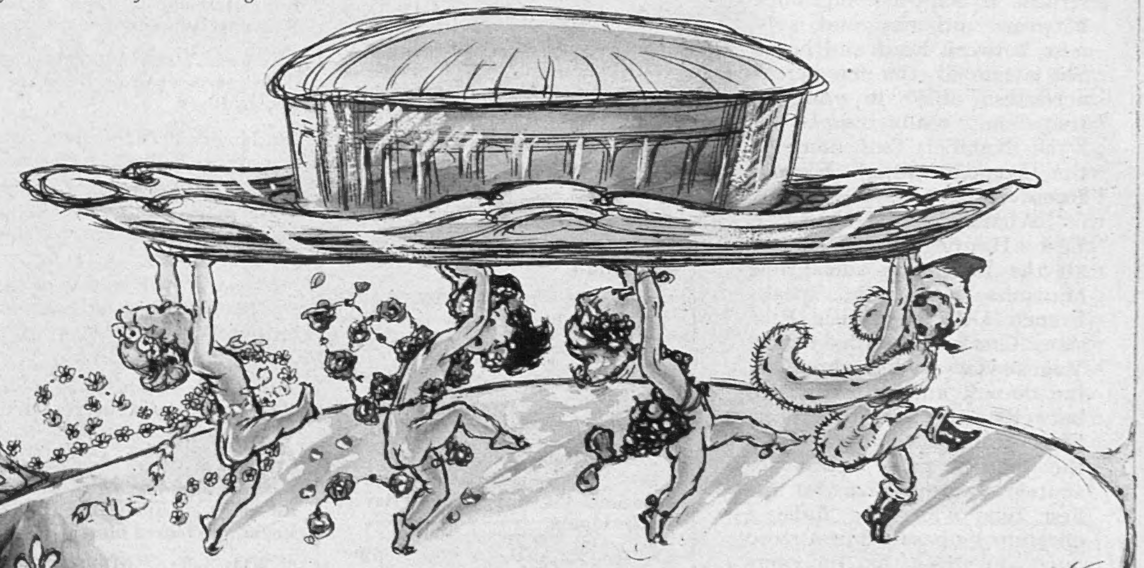
15 medium-sized potatoes.	2 carrots.
3 onions.	4 pints of water.
Salt.	Pepper.

Peel the potatoes, onions and carrots, cut them into slices and put them into four pints of cold water. Leave the vegetables boiling gently for two hours and then strain off and serve with croûtons (small pieces of fried bread).

PLAT QUATRE SAISONS.

- 2 cauliflowers.
- 8 potatoes.
- 1½ dessertspoonfuls flour.
- 4 rashers of bacon.
- 1 oz. of margarine.
- 2 cups of milk.

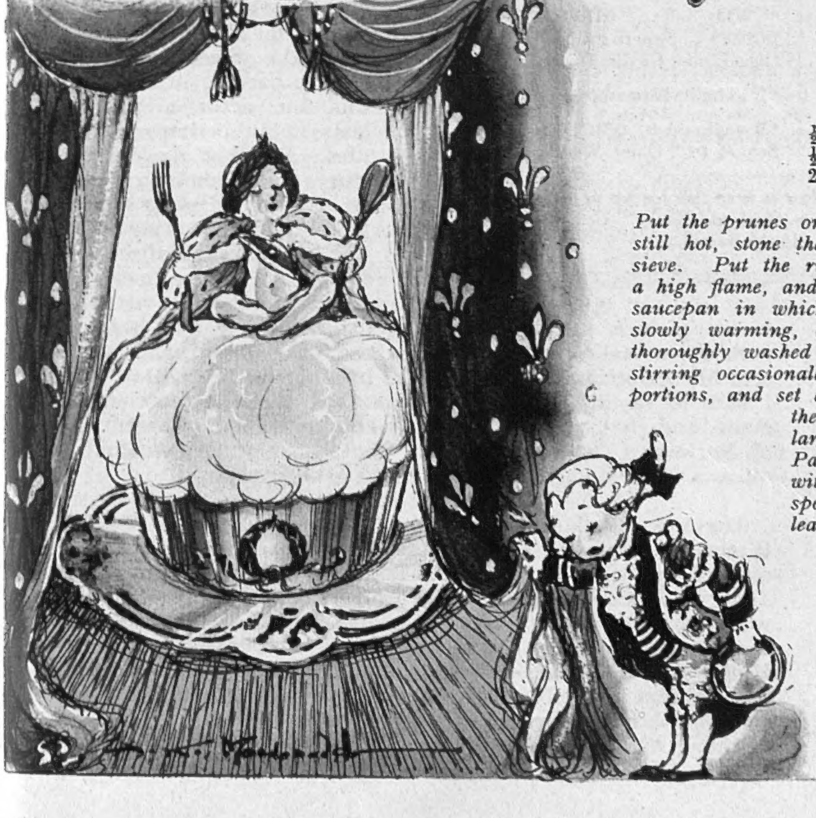
Boil two small cauliflowers in salt water until tender; at the same time put the potatoes—washed, but not peeled—into a saucepanful of cold water. Leave them boiling for half an hour. Meanwhile, fry lightly the four rashers of bacon and either pass them through the mincer or chop them up finely. Separate the cauliflower-heads into small bouquets and cover the bottom of a soufflé dish with them; next sprinkle the bacon over the cauliflower; then peel and cut into slices the potatoes and place them on top of the bacon. Finally, prepare, and pour over a white sauce made with 1 oz. of margarine, 1½ dessertspoonfuls of flour and 2 cups of milk. Leave the dish in a medium oven for twenty minutes before serving.



SOUFFLÉ EMPEREUR.

½ lb. of prunes.	4 dessertspoonfuls sugar.
½ cupful of rice.	10 drops vanilla essence.
2 cups of milk.	3 whites of egg.

Put the prunes on to boil for half an hour. Remove them from the water and, whilst still hot, stone them. Cut the fruit into small pieces and leave them to drain on a sieve. Put the rice into cold water (the water must only just cover the rice) over a high flame, and leave it for five minutes. Meanwhile, have ready on another fire a saucepan in which the milk, one dessertspoonful of sugar and the vanilla essence is slowly warming, and when the five minutes are up add the rice, which has been thoroughly washed in a colander held under the cold tap. Leave boiling on a low fire, stirring occasionally to prevent burning, for half an hour. Divide the rice into two portions, and set aside one-third of the prunes. Grease a soufflé dish and spread over the bottom one of the two portions of rice, followed by the larger quantity of prunes and topped by the rest of the rice. Pass the remaining prunes through a sieve and mix them with the stiffly beaten whites of egg and three dessertspoonfuls of sugar. Spread it on top of the dish and leave in the oven for 20 minutes.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

WHEN a woman columnist on international affairs, who wants to abolish baseball for the duration of the war, marries a sports writer, who thinks his job is quite important, "in a non-important sort of way," there 's bound to be trouble. And that is the theme of the new Katharine Hepburn-Spencer Tracy film, "WOMAN OF THE YEAR." It 's rather a slender theme, perhaps, for a film that runs for nearly two hours, but the stars' performances are so strong, George Stevens' direction is so cunning, and the script sparkles with so many good lines that few people will find the piece too long. Mr. Tracy, after his rather embarrassed performance in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," is back in the sort of rugged, human part he can do so well. Miss Hepburn is a mature actress who is still learning all the time. She has toned down all her early stridencies without losing any of her youthful fire. She looks beautiful. She chooses just the right clothes and wears them in just the right way. And her Woman of the Year strikes a happy compromise between authority and softness, between head and heart. She is one of the few screen actresses able to suggest that she really *might* be "the Number Two dame in the country after Eleanor Roosevelt."

"Woman of the Year" is Tess Harding, who knows all the Presidents and Prime Ministers intimately, speaks French, German, Polish, Russian, Greek, Spanish, Czech, Yugoslavian and Lithuanian, but doesn't know the distance between home and first base. Sam Craig, sports writer on the same paper, becomes acutely aware of her for the first time when she fluffs a question on baseball in a radio quiz, and adds that the game "seems like a frightful waste of energy." Sam's wrath leads to internecine war between the two in the columns of the daily Press, their mutual interest, and, of course, in no time at all, their marriage.

The marriage ceremony, for anyone so occupied as Tess, is naturally a hurried affair between political appointments, and although she really loves her "*reportaire sportif*" very much, it isn't long before Tess makes him feel that he is of less importance in her life than the telephone, the typewriter and the ticker-tape. Rebellion follows, and over the question of an adopted Greek refugee the marriage breaks up. Only temporarily, of course, for the film is so far a film as to insist on a happy ending.

"Woman of the Year" is full of felicitous scenes that you will relish at the time and remember with keen pleasure in retrospect. There is the delightful sequence in which Sam takes his Tess into the Press-box to watch her first baseball game ("You mean we send two men to cover one game when we 've only got one man at Vichy?"). There is a cunningly confidential interlude in a bar, in which Tess, growing dim and inspired on Scotch, recalls her childhood and how she read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the Argentine and "Huckleberry Finn" going down the Yangtze. ("How do you feel about being you?" "I feel very good about being me. I always have. I like knowing more about what 's going on than most people." "And telling them?" "And telling them.")

And finally, right at the end, there is an almost wordless sequence of ten minutes or so, in which Tess tries to get her husband's breakfast in a strange kitchen. Taps, gas-stove, coffee, yeast-cakes, eggs, electric gadgets—all combine to defeat her, while Sam looks on in silent scepticism. I know of few artists and few directors who could pull off a pantomime sequence of this length so late in a picture without any sense of strain or anti-climax.

Sports writers appear to be the current vogue in heroes, sharing the popular honours with pilots, and replacing doctors, playwrights, composers, and those favourites of the early talkies, the men who yearned to Build Bridges. At any rate, it 's a sports writer who saves the Atlantic supply-line and helps to find the soul of Norway in "THE DAY WILL DAWN" (Leicester Square Theatre).

This omnipotent young gentleman (played rather diffidently, I thought, by Hugh Williams) is the racing correspondent of a London daily, who is sent to Norway as foreign correspondent at the outbreak of war, all the ace war correspondents being otherwise occupied. Straight from the horse's mouth he gets the tip of the coming Nazi invasion, and is able to locate the U-boat base from which the Germans are about to attack our Atlantic life-line. Back in London, after being kidnapped by the Nazis, rescued by the Royal Navy and dropping in at Dunkirk to pick up the inside story of the collapse of France from a dying colleague, he seems to be the only man in whom the Admiralty can repose implicit confidence. They send him back to Norway by parachute to guide our bombers to the U-boat base, and considerately send the Commandos afterwards to save him and his young lady from the firing-squad.

Deborah Kerr plays the young lady, a Norwegian skipper's daughter. Miss Kerr is a nice little actress, and should some day become a very accomplished little actress, but they really ought not to have allowed her to try this Garbo stuff here. Hers is just not the type for the guttural voice, the hearty laugh and the Anna Christie saltiness.

The great mystery of "The Day Will Dawn" is why, having borrowed Ralph Richardson from the Fleet Air Arm to play a part in it, they gave this fine actor a part that lasts in all perhaps five minutes. Possibly six, since the story goes round by Dunkirk to give him an extra sequence. His brief appearance, I felt, was merely tantalising, and his early demise meant, for me at least, the virtual end of the picture. Brief interest flared up again in the later reels with the actual news-reel shots of the Vaagso raid, and with an acid little sketch of a naval attaché by Roland Culver. But, though I hate to say it about a film that has been so conscientiously made, and that pays a very real tribute to the resurgent spirit of Norway, I found "The Day Will Dawn" unconvincing and often a little stodgy.

The new Korda-Lubitsch film, "TO BE OR NOT TO BE" (Gaumont) is going to provoke a lot of discussion over here. And not, oddly enough, the discussion that its owners anticipated. Their great anxiety was lest the death of its star, Carole Lombard, would prejudice the picture's chances with the public. They don't seem to have considered at all—and perhaps, in far-off Hollywood, it would be hard to appreciate—a much more serious danger, that the subject of the film itself might not appeal to us as just the right material for comedy. There will be two schools of thought about this film. One will hold that you cannot really

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

** Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

** Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard; Anton Walbrook; Athene Seyler and Judy Campbell. Anti-Nazi family in the U.S.A.

** Apollo: "OLD ACQUAINTANCE." Edith Evans in John van Druten's play. Perfect acting.

* Coliseum: "MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Revival, with Sonnie Hale; Elsie Randolph.

*Duchess: "SKYLARK." Well-acted comedy. Constance Cummings; Hugh Sinclair.

**Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

**Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver; Jeanne Ravel; Celia Lipton.

* His Majesty's: "BIG TOP." Cochran's latest, with Beatrice Lillie, Cyril Ritchard, Fred Emney, Madge Elliott, Patricia Burke.

** Lyric: "BLOSSOM TIME." Richard Tauber sings in a Rodney Ackland play on Schubert.

** Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

** Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's Musical Smile; with Tommy Trinder; Bebe Daniels; Ben Lyon.

***Piccadilly: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton; Kay Hammond; Cecil Parker; Margaret Rutherford.

* Prince of Wales: "HAPPIDROME." B.B.C. success put on the stage by George Black.

*St. James's: "THE NUTMEG TREE." Comedy with Yvonne Arnaud.

**Saville: "FINE AND DANDY." Good show with Leslie Henson, Stan. Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

* Vaudeville: "SCOOP!" New revue with Henry Kendall; Joan Swinstead; Patricia Leonard; Arthur Young and Swingtette.

** Victoria Palace: "TWENTY TO ONE." Laugh-making racing musical play. Lupino Lane; Greta Fayne; Winifred Sloane.

** Whitehall: "OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES." Superb evacuee comedy. Olga Lindo; Phyllis Dare.

*Windmill: Non-stop revudeville.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

laugh at a satire on bombed, hungry and Gestapo-policed Warsaw. The other will insist that it is sane and healthy to make light of trouble, that a sense of humour is the most powerful of all secret weapons.

"ALIBI," *new British Lion picture due at the Regal, Marble Arch, on Sunday last, May 17, is an underworld thriller, set in Paris in 1937. Night-club hostess Hélène* (MARGARET LOCKWOOD) *is bribed by thought-reader specialist entertainer Winkler* (RAYMOND LOVELL) *to provide him with an alibi for the night. The designs for the sets of "Alibi" were based by art director Walter Murton on a collection of photographs which he himself took several years ago in Paris.*

Many of the sequences of "Alibi" take place in a smart pre-war Parisian night-club. The proprietor (LYNN EVANS) *is interviewing Josette* (JUDY GRAY), *Dany* (ENID STAMP-TAYLOR) *and Hélène* (MARGARET LOCKWOOD) *in their dressing-room. Hélène becomes involved in a murder case although she is innocent of any complicity in the crime.*

You will be able to decide for yourself about the taste of "To Be or Not To Be." Technically, you will find it an almost first-rate job, with a smart Lubitsch script, knowing moments of comedy and melodrama, and the late Miss Lombard competent and cool. There is no doubt that Lubitsch is an expert craftsman in the Georgian, sophisticated way. There is a lot that he could teach the modern youngsters about balance and control, though to my mind young men like Welles and Sturges and Kanin have gone far beyond him in exploration of their medium.

"To Be or Not To Be" opens in Warsaw in August 1939. It opens brilliantly, with a trick I shall not attempt to describe. It catches your attention straight away, and your hopes soar high. . . . A company of Polish actors are rehearsing a Gestapo piece, with Josef and Maria Tura (Jack Benny and Carole Lombard) in the leading rôles. At nights they play "Hamlet," and it is during the great soliloquy that a terrible thing happens to Josef Tura, the thing every actor dreads. A customer in the third row of the stalls gets up and walks out on him. This tactless playgoer is a young airman (Robert Stack), who takes this opportunity of paying his respects to Maria Tura in her dressing-room. The lady is captivated by the charms of a young man who can drop three tons of dynamite in two minutes. The visit during "To Be or Not To Be" becomes a nightly ritual. And their innocent romance is blossoming nicely when the Germans invade Warsaw.

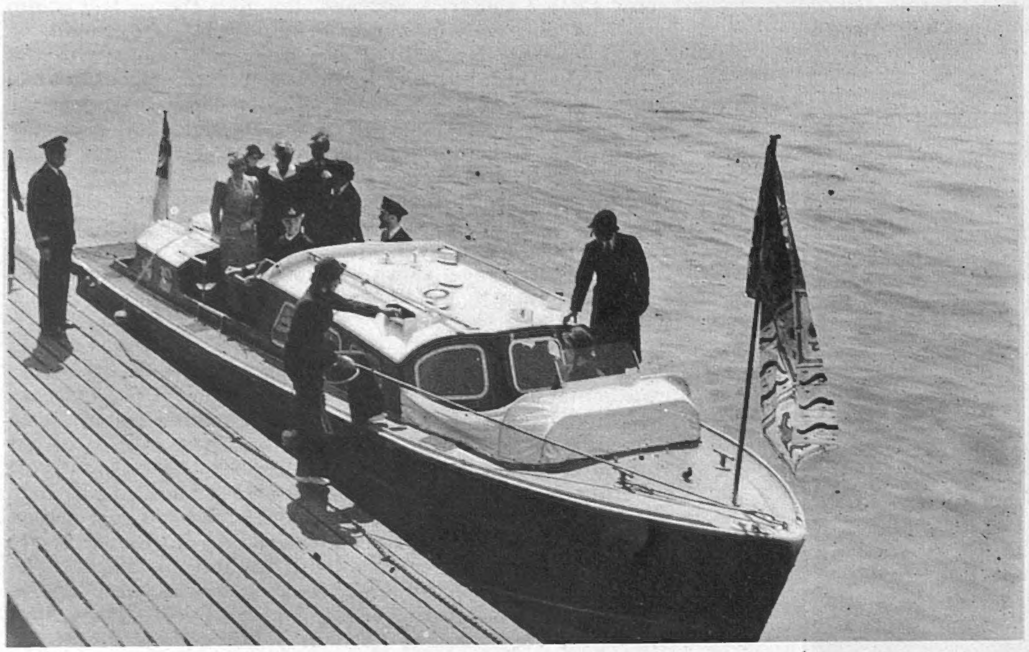
The airman goes to England and joins the R.A.F. Polish Squadron. The out-of-work actors, in their ruined, starving and snowbound city get along as best they can. Suddenly the picture takes a Phillips Oppenheim turn. A bearded professor (Stanley Ridges) arrives in Warsaw to reveal the plans of the Polish underground movement to the local Gestapo chief. He comes from England, and he has in his pocket the names of friends and relatives naïvely entrusted to him by the Polish Squadron, including that of Maria Tura.

The rest of the film is taken up with the actors' efforts to get rid of the Professor and save the underground. Maria Tura puts on her most *soignée* theatre gown and becomes the perfect vamp of melodrama. She convinces the Gestapo that she would be thrilled to become a "Nazzi spy," she keeps *rendezvous* with the Professor and the Gestapo chief in private rooms—all, of course, for she is a good wife at heart, in the purest possible way. As for Josef Tura and the male members of the troupe, they have the time of their lives. They get out the uniforms, beards and moustaches they were to have used in the rehearsed Gestapo piece. They carry on the performance, as it were, at the point they left off. They impersonate Nazi officials, from Hitler downwards. And with Tura doubling for the Professor, the real villain is lured to his death—centre stage, down front, in a spotlight, in a fine piece of macabre theatre.

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER" (Warner) comes to the screen straight from its stage success, with barely more than an incidental alteration. It is a cheerful, rowdy, preposterous piece, a thorough entertainment, even though admirers of Bette Davis may feel that the actress has few opportunities in it for her special brand of dramatic intensity. Miss Davis plays a Great Man's secretary in the film, and it is the Great Man, rather than the secretary, who is important here. Monty Woolly, who played the part on the New York stage, re-enacts his celebrated study of egomania run wild. Richly, imperially and maliciously, he brings to life the waspish literary celebrity who accepts an invitation to dine before lecturing in an American small town, slips on his hosts' icy steps, and is fixed as a house-guest for weeks.

From his wheel-chair he rules the Stanleys' home. He insults everybody, meddles in everyone's affairs, appropriates the ground floor, runs up vast telephone bills, fills the house with penguins, Chinese, convicts, an actress (Ann Sheridan), a mummy-case, and other incidental effects, and tries to prevent his secretary from leaving him to marry a local newspaper man. Both the ladies are excellent in their restricted rôles. Reginald Gardiner ("Reggie playing me," Noel Coward) manages very well in a small sketch. The end of the film is a bit of a hullabaloo, perhaps, with Schnozzle Durante, as a visiting actor, playing his special line of comedy in his own peculiarly emphatic way, but nothing would really seem out of place in "The Man Who Came to Dinner"—even a circus.

Calas (HUGH SINCLAIR), *suave French detective of "Alibi," is here questioning his young assistant Laurent* (JAMES MASON) *as to where he got the ring he has given Hélène* (MARGARET LOCKWOOD). *The story of this exciting crime film is based on the French "L'Alibi" by Marcel Achard.*



H.M. THE QUEEN *travelled up the harbour in a motor-launch* MANNED ENTIRELY BY WRENS *when she and the King visited Plymouth. This was the first occasion when her Majesty's standard had been flown in a naval vessel. She congratulated Ldg. Wren M. Jefferies, who broke the colours, on her expert handling of the craft.*

The marriage of LIEUT. F. D. HOLFORD, *R.N., son of Captain C. F. Holford, of Brimfield Lodge, Ludlow, to* MISS S. MICKLEM, *daughter of Commander Micklem, of Wylam Hall, Northumberland, took place at St. Oswin's, Wylam*

Right: RICHARD TAUBER, *the well-known light operatic star, is appearing as Schubert in " Blossom Time," at the Lyric Theatre.*

Left: SQUADRON LEADER " PADDY " FINUCANE, D.S.O., D.F.C. *and two Bar... star pilot who recently shot down his thirty-first enemy aircraft, is engaged to* MISS JEAN WOOLFORD.

MR. FRANK E. BERESFORD *painted the scene when a service was held in the bombed Dutch Church of Austin Friars on the second anniversary of the invasion of Holland.*

AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR C. F. A. PORTAL *attended the première of " The D... Will Dawn," at the Leicester Square Theatre. He is seen chatting to* MI... DEBORAH KERR, *who played the leading rôle of Karin.*

ROYAL OCCASIONS, WEDDINGS, ENGAGEMENTS

H.M. KING PETER OF YUGOSLAVIA *attended a performance of "Big Top." Proceeds were for the Yugoslav Relief Fund. Our group shows him with* MADGE ELLIOTT, PATRICIA BURKE, FRED EMNEY, CYRIL RITCHARD, C. B. COCHRAN *and* BEATRICE LILLIE.

e marriage of film-star Leslie ward's daughter, MISS LESLIE TH (DOODIE) HOWARD, *to Captain Dale Harris, attached Royal nadian Artillery in England, took ce at Wootton, near Dorking, Surrey.*

ght: ARTHUR MACARTHUR, *baby n of General MacArthur, Supreme mmander of all Allied Forces in Ea t Pacific, is having his first stralian hair-cut, watched by* RS. MACARTHUR. *He escaped om Bataan with his parents.*

Left: MISS ELIZABETH (BETTY) GILLESPIE, *daughter of Mr. W. H. Gillespie, of Warblington Castle, Havant, is engaged to Lieut. D. A. E. Holbrook, R.N., son of Colonel Sir Claude Holbrook, of the Old Hall, Klepton.*

). S. F. BEADMAN *(centre) and* SERGT. G. A. F. BEADMAN *(l.) and* F.-O. G. K. BEADMAN *leaving Buckingham Palace after receiving the D.F.M. t Beadman brothers served in the R.A.F. One lost his life on operations.*

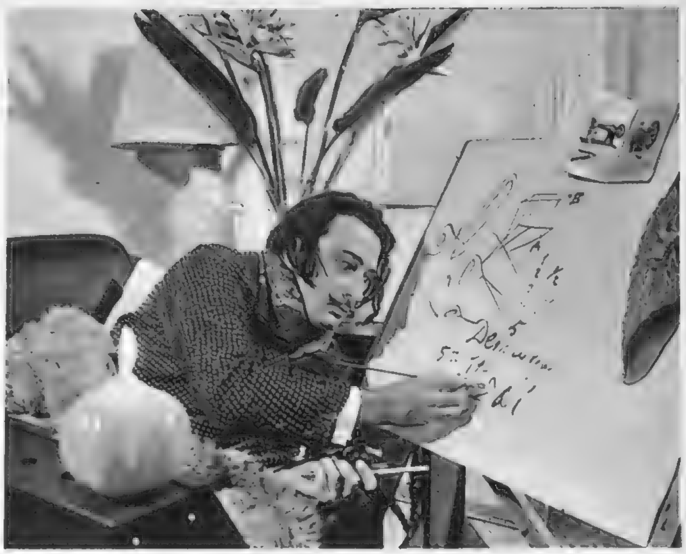
SQUADRON LEADER LEAROYD, V.C., *was best man to his brother,* LIEUT. BARRY B. LEAROYD, *who married* MISS EVELYN MARY COURT, *at Christ's Chapel of Alleyn's College, Dulwich Village, and gave the bride a kiss after the ceremony.*

TAGE STARS AND OTHER NOTABILITIES.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

Here is SALVADOR DALI *dozin' off to work. He lies on a scented couch in his studio clutching some pencils. Scented cotton-wool is dropped on his eyelids to influence the character of his dreams.*

SALVADOR DALI, for showing how scented dreams are the stuff of which Surrealism is made.



Awake, thrilling with subconscious ideas ready for the large white sheet of paper. Surrealist symbols form themselves under his brush. Are they clear to you?

"SURREALISM FOR ALL" might be the title of these two pages, since here SALVADOR DALI goes as far as he photographically can to let us all into the secret of the subconscious-automatic nature of his art, Surrealism. Here we see Dali with scented essences pressed upon his eyelids, sinking his consciousness deliberately under the influence of some perfume or other. Then suddenly inspired, he springs up to make drawings, paintings or what he will, some of which you see on this page. Spanish Dali has now no real competitor in his own line, since France fell and her Surrealist painters became fenced off into Nazi isolation from the world. He is the most distinguished living exponent of his art; vital, and if one can call an "automatic" artist original—he is exceedingly so; with a lively imagination, miniaturist brushwork and a splendid sense of colour. Dali lived in Paris but very sensibly and in good time he left with his wife for America, where he lives now, and a fascinated New York bought many of his paintings. He has cultivated a genius for publicity which does him no harm. His draped, limp watches give one a feeling that Time sometimes lies down. If only it would! Ant-forms he is never tired of painting and he does it beautifully. And now a dictionary definition of Surrealism: "a modern movement purporting to express the subconscious mental activities by presenting images without order or sequence, as in a dream." This illuminating description of the machinery of an often misunderstood art will probably send escapist readers rushing to scent, pencil and paper to capture a new sensation!

Are these scarecrows? No. They are drawings induced by the particular scent on DALI'S *eyelids. Patchouli, would you say, or something of Guerlain? Dali got his inspiration from Velasquez' "Infanta."*

This "instantaneous" shows Wagner seated in foreground on beach with Dali himself as a boy, in short pants, holding his hoop in the rear and watching Nicolai Lenin shaking out a grand piano like a rug.

"THE PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY" *features Time in its limp watch-faces, where flies and ants drowse and the white cliffs beyond are in heavy sunshine.*

"LE SOMMEIL." *Dali sees sleep like this, and his commentator adds—this is one of those occasions when silence says more than volumes. He may be right.*

The perfumed pads are applied to SALVADOR DALI'S *lids, compressing the eyeballs, and the treatment has begun to work, for the artist is just beginning to sketch.*

ROYAL QUARTETTE AT HOME.

This picture of the KING *and* QUEEN *with* PRINCESSES ELIZABETH *and*
their fireside occupations, will carry special appeal to the giant family
one of a set taken to commemorate the Centenary Number of "The Ill
illustrated weekly paper in the world was born, on May 14, 1842, Queen

SPECIALLY TAKEN BY FOX PHOTOS FOR THE CENTENARY

N.B. Colour plate inserted in this issue.

...ET snapshotted as they carry on ...mmonwealth of Nations. It is ...ndon News." When the first ...s on the throne, and for many

decades the doings of the Queen and her family figured in the news recorded by Herbert Ingram, M.P., its founder, in his paper. Those of her descendants were recorded by later generations, Sir William Ingram, son of the founder, and his son Bruce Ingram, O.B.E., M.C., its present Editor, and ours, whose editorship has extended over five reigns—those of Queen Victoria, Edward VII., George V., Edward VIII. and our present King George VI.

...Y "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

WHAT YOU SHOULDN'T DO! BE WARNED BY "THE NEXT OF KIN."

A Lance-Corporal lets out a secret by talking to the Security Officer—of all people! REGINALD TATE *and* JOHNNY SCHOFIELD.

Vital information leaks out through careless chat in a pub. The hostess (MARY CLARE), *with* JOHNNY SCHOFIELD, RICHARD NORRIS *and* VICTOR WISKE.

Left: A young Lieutenant (PHILIP FRIEND) *reveals secret information to the dancer he loves* (PHYLLIS STANLEY), *little guessing her to be a Nazi spy.*

Right: The Security Officer (REGINALD TATE) *confronts the young Lieutenant* (PHILIP FRIEND) *and his treacherous girl friend, the dancer* (PHYLLIS STANLEY).

"THE NEXT OF KIN," secretly produced War Office film, was due for public presentation at the London Pavilion and the Carlton, Haymarket, simultaneously on Friday, May 15. It will be generally released on June 1. The picture was produced by Michael Balcon for the Directorate of Army Kinematography, and was made to show to soldiers as a warning against the dangers of careless talk. The lessons which it dramatically drives home are equally important to the public, and it may now be seen by all. The picture deals with the planning and execution of a British operation against enemy-occupied territory which, though successful, meets with stiff resistance through breaches of security.

A careless sentry omits to demand to see a pass and is justly reprimanded for this exhibition of slackness by the Security Officer; ALEX FIELD *and* REGINALD TATE.

An R.A.F. Wing Commander discovers that he has been robbed of secret papers; FRANK ALLENBY *and the W.A.A.F.* (MARY MALCOLM; *in private life, Lady Bartlett*).

DRAMA AND TRAGEDY OF "THE NEXT OF KIN."

Tell-tale parachute harness marks! The capture of a German agent, with JOHN WILLIAMS, CHARLES ROLFE *and* ALEX FIELD *in leading rôles.*

Right: The gallant Dutch refugee (NOVA PILBEAM) *has killed a Nazi agent rather than let him have information. Another Nazi agent* (MERVYN JOHNS) *finds the body.*

"THE NEXT OF KIN" is not only a picture with a message of warning on the importance of keeping one's mouth shut, but is a splendid, dramatic film. The script was written by actor - dramatist Captain (now Major) Sir Basil Bartlett (military supervisor of the film), whose wife plays the rôle of a W.A.A.F. The picture was made with the help of officers and men of a well-known Regiment, and other units of the Royal Navy, the Army and R.A.F., and genuine Commandos were placed at the disposal of producer Balcon, without interfering with their training. The cast includes many well - known players, most of whom are in the Forces. These actors received special leave to appear.

Right: Combined operational landing on French Occupied coast: the Commandos race across the beach from the invasion barges which have brought them over.

A thrilling sequence picturing a raid on Occupied France: troops—specially trained for the dangerous work—leap from their invasion barges.

The raid is successful—but the resistance has been stiff, for careless talk has allowed vital information to leak out, and the enemy was prepared.

LAUGHTER, BEAUTY AND WIT AT THE SAVILLE.

STANLEY HOLLOWAY as "*the Great George Lashbourn, the last of the Lion Comiques from the London Pavilion, Tivoli and Oxford Music Halls.*"

"*Good-bye, Miss Chips*": DOUGLAS BYNG *as the Headmistress of St. Fanny's, with some of her pupils.*

"FINE AND DANDY," the new Firth Shephard musical show, is a winner. To begin with, it has Leslie Henson, Dorothy Dickson, Stanley Holloway and Douglas Byng to head the bill, and this strong team is well served by witty scenes, admirable fooling and attractive dance numbers to put over. The burlesque of the Brains Trust is one of the most inspired moments, and Douglas Byng touches the top in "Good-bye, Miss Chips."

"*Camera Study,*" *with* GRAHAM PAYN, DECIMA KNIGHT *and* DOROTHY DICKSON *as the Photographer, his Assistant, and the Subject.*

"*Rhythm Rookie,*" *with* GRAHAM PAYN *as the Boy, and* PAT TAYLOR, LOIS DAVIS *and* DECIMA KNIGHT *as the First, Second and Third Girls.*

"*Radio Round-up*": *Rear-Admiral Camperdown* (STANLEY HOLLOWAY), *Professor Aldwych Uxbridge* (GAVIN GORDON), *Professor Woad* (LESLIE HENSON), *and the Question-Master* (DOUGLAS BYNG).

"*Fool's Paradise*": LOIS DAVIS *and* GRAHAM PAYN *in a graceful and attractive dance number.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

"FINE AND DANDY": THE NEW LESLIE HENSON SHOW.

)ne of the striking and spectacular musical numbers: LOIS DAVIS, GRAHAM PAYN, and THE GIRLS in "TEMPO."

DOROTHY DICKSON as *Sweetheart of the Forces*, in "*Radio Round-up*."

Fa·e," *with* LESLIE HENSON, DOROTHY DICKSON *and* STANLEY HOLLOWAY *as Aubrey, his wife, and Claud Spender.*

"*On Guard*," *with* LESLIE HENSON *as the Home Guard and* STANLEY HOLLOWAY *as the Grenadier.*

LESLIE HENSON and Stanley Holloway, that superb pair of comedians, are the backbone of "Fine and Dandy," the new musical show at the Saville Theatre. One of their best moments is in the sketch "Fate," by Ronald Jeans, in which they appear in a triangle drama with Dorothy Dickson. The dancing is a feature of the show, and Miss Dickson's number, "Winterhalter Waltz," to Tchaikowsky's music, is as gay and charming as is possible.

l Story of the Steppes": DOROTHY DICKSON *and* STANLEY HOLLOWAY *as Katinka and the Soldier.*

"*Laying for Victory*": STANLEY HOLLOWAY, LESLIE HENSON *and* DOUGLAS BYNG *in one of their amusing sketches.*

ARBRICK STUDIOS.

The bride who can't forget business even at her own wedding-party: KATHARINE HEPBURN *as columnist Tess Harding.*

Learning to appreciate the thrill of baseball; Tess watches her first game with Sam Craig (SPENCER TRACY).

" America's Outstanding Woman of the Year ": Tess Harding in the hour of her triumph.

Reconciliation: Sam comforts his brilliant wife for failing to make the grade as a cook.

COLUMNIST LEARNS COOKING: KATHARINE HEPBURN'S NEW PICTURE.

"WOMAN OF THE YEAR," Katharine Hepburn's new M.-G.-M. picture due at the Empire Theatre on Friday last, May 15, is reviewed by Miss C. A. Lejeune on our Cinema Cameos page. International columnist Tess and sports-writer Sam have a feud, yet when they meet, they fall in love and marry. But success rather than domesticity is what Tess cares about, and the marriage nearly crashes when she is chosen as "America's Outstanding Woman of the Year." It 's only when her inefficiency as cook demonstrates that she has some feminine weakness that connubial bliss is signalled!

Right: Surrounded by books of reference, a typewriter and a tape machine, the successful journalist Tess poses to a posse of cameramen.

London stage Beverly Carlton: EDWARD COOPER.

Film Beverly Carlton: REGINALD GARDINER.

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"—STAGE AND SCREEN.

Film Lorraine Sheldon: ANN SHERIDAN.

London stage Lorraine Sheldon: MARY ALICE COLLINS.

Film Maggie Cutler: BETTE DAVIS.

London stage Maggie Cutler: CORAL BROWNE.

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER," brilliant satirical American high-speed comedy by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, began its successful run at the Savoy last year, with Robert Morley in the title rôle. It was due in its picture form last Friday, May 15, at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, with Monty Woolly as Sheridan Whiteside, the part which he created in the American production, which ran for two years. Sherry, noted lecturer, is all sweetness and light in public, but when he goes to dine with a quiet couple during a Middle West tour, breaks his leg, and has to stay for a month or more, things are very different, and he gives an exhibition of malice and epigrammatic insults which could hardly have been outdone by Dr. Johnson. On this page we give portraits of the American stage and screen and London stage Sheridan Whitesides, and also of supporting characters. Maggie Cutler is the secretary who has to fight the machinations of Sherry and the predatory beauty, Lorraine, to get her man; and Beverly Carlton is the gifted Britisher who takes plays, revues and operettes in his stride.

London stage Sheridan Whiteside: ROBERT MORLEY.

Film Sheridan Whiteside: MONTY WOOLLY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

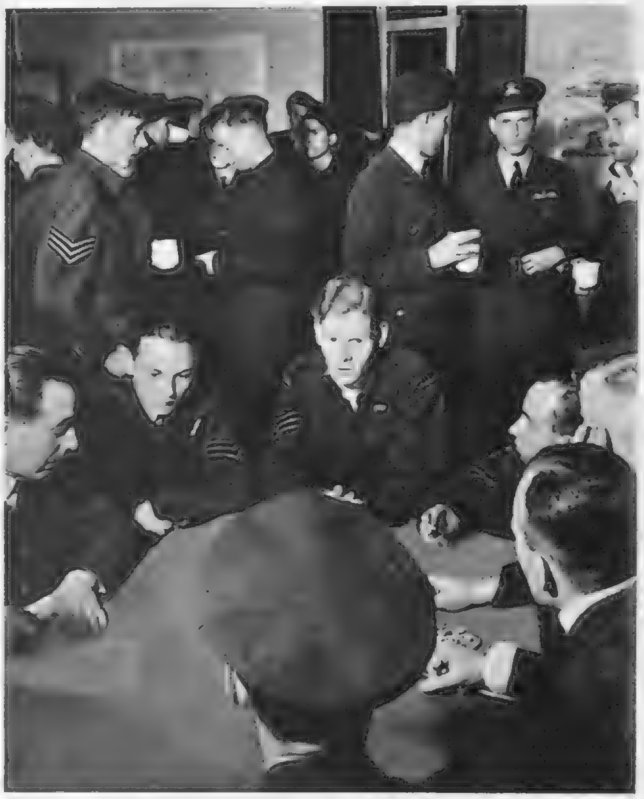
By L. P. HARTLEY.

IN Bacon's view, "Revenge is a kind of wild justice." There are two sorts of revenge, one for injuries done to oneself, the other for injuries done to a friend or relative. The classic revenges of Greek Tragedy belong to the second order, where revenge is a sacred duty. The revenge taken by the Count of Monte Cristo on his enemies is an example of the first; he felt he owed it to himself to settle accounts with the authors of his imprisonment. This, I suppose, is a more ignoble form of vengeance than the other, but I confess I have more sympathy with it. It is less priggish, nor does it lead to blood-feuds in which families and even nations try to exterminate each other. The repercussions of vicarious vindictiveness are endless. Both forms of revenge are abhorrent to Christian principles, and Sir Thomas Browne, who hated offences against charity, sadly observes in his "Christian Morals": "Too many there be to whom a dead Enemy smells well, and who find Musk and Amber in Revenge."

The Victim. "Musk and Amber" is the title of Mr. A. E. W. Mason's latest novel—a romance of the eighteenth century, with vengeance as its theme. The joy of revenge being, like some other forms of pleasure, difficult to communicate and even to sympathise with, it was essential for Mr. Mason to provide his hero with a good grievance. This he certainly does. Julian Scoble, Earl of Linchcombe and owner of Grest, finds himself, while still a boy, deprived not only of his title and estates, but of the very promise of manhood. A penniless *castrato* living with a poor Italian family, he faces the future with but one asset: a beautiful voice. How he uses this to attain fame and fortune as an opera singer and then, his place in the world assured and proofs of his identity secured, returns to confront his cousin and his half-sister, the authors of his ruin, is the subject of Mr. Mason's story.

It is a story that might have been treated in many ways, and its weakness is, I think, that Mr. Mason is never quite sure which aspect of Julian's predicament should dominate the others. The moral issue he, like his hero, regards as settled: after what he has suffered Julian has every right to take the law into his own hands (even so, he compromises when the time comes). What Mr. Mason does not quite decide is whether to portray Julian as a human being, "sunk forever in the grim reality of his unreal life," or as the hero of a sword-and-cloak romance. Each version of him appears in the book and each, to some extent, injures the other. Had "Musk and Amber" been an opera—for which, by its plot, it is well fitted—the convention of that art, though not always an easy one to accept, would have given it unity. Mr. Mason has a detective story-writer's care for plausibility in physical detail; every item of Julian's escape from Venice testifies to that. He also has the born novelist's delight in natural psychological reactions. In her moment of supreme danger Frances Scoble behaves as any woman might—"with the speed of an animal she ran, her shoulders bent, her hands clutching at her skirts." But in conception she is inhuman, a monster of wickedness in whom it is almost impossible to believe; in fact, the whole story is as incredible in outline as in detail it is convincing.

But it is wonderfully told. Mr. Mason believes in the detail. He is an amateur of opera, he loves eighteenth-century Italy, and he knows his Venice (though by a slip he makes St. Luke a female saint). The pageantry is gorgeous and satisfying; the action swift and exciting. And though, no doubt, he knows that the story is wildly improbable, he makes it compelling by the seemingly negligent skill with which, by a word here and a hint there, he at last exposes the whole hideous pattern.



"Interrogation" showing pilots after a sweep over enemy country, is taken from Cecil Beaton's new book "WINGED SQUADRONS" *(Hutchinson; 5s.). The author dedicates these impressions of the men of the R.A.F. and the Fleet Air Arm to "The parents who have given their sons to the Royal Air Force." Mr. Beaton's excellent photography, accompanied by his sparkling text, throws a vivid intimate light on life in the R.A.F.*

Uncanny Stories. It would not be quite true to say that the eleven stories in "The God with Four Arms" are stories without a love-interest, for love does enter into "Green Ink" and into "Violets in India." But it enters as the accompaniment to sinister happenings: witchcraft in the one case, political intrigue in the other. Only in "Music Hath Charms" are the skies clear for the tender passion; only in this light-hearted encounter between British talent and American money are they really clear at all. "The God with Four Arms" is thus a less representative display of Mr. Bousfield's art than was his previous volume, "Vinegar and Cream." But what it loses in breadth it gains in intensity. Mr. Bousfield is a master of the macabre. Even when his theme is well-worn—and we have all read about effigies of Indian gods which bring misfortune on their owners—he manages to bring in some psycho-physical twist which gives new life to old horrors. For some of his settings he goes far afield: an island in the Ægean discloses a snaky terror once used as a weapon in a famous act of deliverance (I did not quite understand how the narrator survived the fatal glance while his friend succumbed to it); in India a bed of violets conceals an agent of destruction no less deadly; in Afghanistan a British spy falls into a trap and miraculously—perhaps too miraculously—escapes a sticky end; in tropical waters a millionaire's yacht numbers among its passengers a homicidal maniac whom even the famous alienist on board cannot put his finger on. Incredibly remote, almost fabulous, these scenes seem now; one tends, perhaps, rather to enjoy them for themselves than as the setting for some tale of dread. It is a platitude that one's flesh is most readily made to creep in familiar, not exotic, surroundings. The story of Mr. Bousfield's that left me most uncomfortable was the last in the collection, "Death of a Witch." Here, in the safe, almost prosaic atmosphere of an East Anglian village, a country doctor has an experience which reads like something that may have really happened, so little does it seem to owe to the guiding hand of art. But art there is in the edges that are left rough, the loose ends that are not quite tidied up. As a rule, Mr. Bousfield is an artist who likes a smooth finish; his work is spick-and-span, as smart as a soldier on parade. In this story, as in "Green Ink" and one or two others, the rougher surface and broader strokes seem to leave an area of mystery still unexplored.

Below the Surface. The scene of Mr. Ellery Queen's new novel is laid in Wrightsville, an unremarkable town which presents a normal, if slightly uninspiring exterior to the world. But the veneer is thin and peels off under the action of violent emotions, revealing a layer of suspicion, unkindness and evil which one may well hope is not so normal. Mr. Queen himself is subdued; perhaps living under a pseudonym has had a sobering effect on him; at all events he is less emphatic than formerly and his speech is not so freely decorated with italics. He does not display quite his best powers of acumen and erudition, but he has grown more mature and gentler in his judgment. Indeed, the hideous storm of terror in which he became involved must have left its mark on every participant—even to the old servant. "Calamity Town" is a sordid tale, even for a murder-story, but Mr. Queen has made us feel admiration for several and pity for all his characters, caught in so horrible a web—partly of circumstance and partly of their own weaving. The logic of the dénouement is so complete and unassailable that Mr. Queen ought to have suspected before he did; and on one point at least he and the Prosecuting Attorney were alike almost incredibly negligent. Still, if the detective sometimes falls below his true form, the author rarely does.

A Pure Pleasure. I have quoted Bacon once in this article; I will refrain from quoting him again, though what he says about gardens applies with almost equal aptitude to Mr. T. C. Mansfield's gardening book. "Alpines in Colour and Cultivation" will be a pure pleasure, not only to the experienced gardener, but to any lover of flowers. One might almost say to any lover of pictures; for although coloured photography is not considered to rank high among pictorial arts, the plates in this book—eighty of them—with their deliciously natural arrangement, constitute a floral gallery of surpassing brilliance and charm. It would be idle to pretend, however, that the purpose of this book is purely æsthetic. Mr. Mansfield has written a rock-gardener's handbook. In notes of a few lines long he discusses nearly 2000 varieties of Alpine blossoms that can be grown in England—their provenance (they are not all strictly Alpine), their appearance, the months in which they flower, with sometimes a hint as to special care or treatment thrown in. Some of the flowers get bouquets (sweets to the sweet) which might well make them blush; to the comparative shortcomings of others Mr. Mansfield is always tender. Indeed one only wishes that human beings as a whole could treat each other with the consideration he shows for these Alpine friends.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Musk and Amber. By A. E. W. Mason. *(Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.)*
The God with Four Arms. By H. T. W. Bousfield. *(Rich and Cowan; 4s.)*
Calamity Town. By Ellery Queen. *(Gollancz; 8s.)*
Alpines in Colour and Cultivation. By T. C. Mansfield. *(Collins; 17s. 6d.)*

INTERNATIONAL DRAMA: "WATCH ON THE RHINE."

"There is always a man who loves children": Kurt Müller (ANTON WALBROOK) *and Sara* (DIANA WYNYARD) *with their family, Babette* (IRMGARD SPOLIANSKY), *Joshua* (BRIAN NISSEN), *and Bodo* (YVAN DELEY), *l. to r.*

". . . I was afraid they wouldn't deliver this late in the day": Fanny (ATHENE SEYLER) *with the presents she has bought for her grandchildren, Sara and Babette (left), Marthe* (JUDY CAMPBELL; *centre), and David* (PETER MURRAY HILL; *right).*

"Is it wrong of me to talk like this?" Sara and Kurt with the dangerous blackmailer, Teck de Brancovis (CHARLES GOLDNER), *who threatens to inform the Nazi agents of his activities.*

"Hard? I don't know. I don't know what to say": Fanny Farrelly hears from her son-in-law, Kurt Müller, what it is like to live in Nazi Germany, and can hardly believe her ears.

Justifiable murder! Sara, overcome by her husband's act, hears him ask their son Joshua to help him dispose of the corpse of Teck de Brancovis.

"Men who wish to live have the best chance to live": Kurt bids his wife good-bye before starting on a perilous mission to Germany. Fanny and David are left and right.

"WATCH ON THE RHINE," by Lillian Hellman, was awarded the prize for the best native American play produced in the U.S.A. last year. The English production at the Aldwych is by Emlyn Williams. The piece is a moving drama with an anti-Nazi German for hero. Kurt brings his American-born wife Sara and their children back to the safety of the U.S.A. and continues to carry on his dangerous anti-Nazi activities from there. Teck de Brancovis threatens to inform on him, but Kurt deals ruthlessly with the blackmailing scoundrel, and succeeds in enlisting the help of the respectable Farrelly household in concealing the murder. He is then able to return to Germany to carry out a dangerous piece of rescue work.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VICKERS.

TWICE MURDERED.*

By WILLIAM MOORE.

When Professor Tod poisoned his wife he committed the perfect murder. He got rid of the body in the simplest way by burying it in his back garden under six feet square of concrete. The grave was dug by two willing men from the village. "Saw him carryin' a body from the house," said a soldier, "and a coffin as well. Hadn't a drink all day." The village carpenter told the constable: "I made the coffin for the Professor only a week ago, and delivered it at his house myself." When the constable called to inquire into the allegations, he went away with a cigar in his pocket, a glass of whisky inside him, satisfied, and in good humour. He had even seen the filled-up hole the Professor's men had dug, and where his missing wife lay buried.

In spite of all this damning evidence, the Professor was not even suspected of foul play, because he was helped by the odd fact—his wife was not only murdered once, but twice.

"How to get rid of the body should be no problem to me," mused Professor Tod, five minutes after he had killed his wife. Violet, on the whole, had deserved to be murdered. She was continually leaving her husband, ostensibly for canteen and A.R.P. lectures in London, but in reality going on week-end trips with one lover and another. One night he had complained to her, "I fear you 're unfaithful to me, Violet." "Extremely," she replied callously. Professor Tod, in a cold rage at her frailty and want of thought for his feelings, slipped a white tablet in her wine-glass. A minute afterwards Violet crumpled to the carpet—dead.

Two men are busy digging a perfect grave, thought the Professor, looking down at his wife. Six feet square and three feet deep should hold Violet's thin body easily. The sand and cement—think I 'd better pop out and see how they 're getting on.

The moon shone in a clear sky as he strolled over to where the two men were working. "Nearly finished, boys?"

"A'most, Sir. This soil 's easy worked. Sorry we could only come at night, but what wi' this A.R.P. and Home Guardin' and first-aid talks, everybody 's kep' busy these times. But we can come first thing to-morrow mornin' to mix the cement and shovel it in."

"Fine. Isn't it lucky this lawn faces south?" said the Professor. "Best part of the sky and the ecliptic may be seen from here. Clear view."

"What 's the ecliptic, Sir?"

"Path of the sun from east to west. But let 's get back to the house for a drop of something hot. You can fill in the rest to-morrow."

The three men walked back to the house. "Nobody at home," went on the Professor casually. "Wife 's up in London at an A.R.P. demonstration."

"Hot spot, London, with all them blitzes. Hope your wife will be all right."

"My wife will be all right," replied the Professor grimly. "Don't think anything 'll happen to her."

After they had finished their whisky, the two men walked to the village and dropped in to the Bricklayers' Arms for a game of darts.

"Rare bird, that Professor," said the carpenter, poising a dart. "Funny job he gave me a week ago. A long, black box the size and shape of a bloomin' coffin. Painted dead black, inside and out. 'Thinkin' o' buryin' somebody?' I says when I brought it up. Wonder what on earth he wants it for?"

"Somethin' to do wi' the sun and—ah—the ecc-ill-iptic. Them scientific fellows are always up to somethin' or other." The game of darts was resumed.

Professor Tod got busy when the men had left. He lifted Violet from the floor and wrapped the body in a heavy black dust-cover. In bright moonlight he carried her out to the lawn. The moon darkened while he dug at the grave, but he had light enough to shovel another foot deep. The soil quickly hid Violet from sight.

Private Green was a puzzled man. This was the third or fourth time he had spotted a brief chink of light from the outhouse in that garden and stopped to watch. He had nothing else to do. Dull work, patrolling this section at night.

"What 's goin' on?" wondered Private Green. "Think I 'd better see about that spot of light." He eyed Professor Tod through the hedge. "Couple o' nights ago two men diggin' big 'oles. Then another 'un comes out wi' a long bundle the shape of a body. Now this chap 's carryin' a blinkin' coffin. Looks like as if he 'd murdered somebody an' was buryin' 'em in his back garden."

It looked fishy. It worried Green so much he reported it to his sergeant, who promptly rang the police.

"That 's Professor Tod's garden," laughed the constable. "We 've known him for years. He 's professor of science, or physics, or somethin' at a university. All right, all right. Keep your hair on. We 'll look into it and let you know in a day or two who the Professor 's buryin'. Night-night, Colonel."

Professor Tod opened the door when the constable called. "Nothing wrong with my black-out, I hope?"

"Well, Sir," began the constable apologetically, "there 's two things I 've got to ask you about. Sorry to bother you and all that, but——"

"Try this cigar," smiled the Professor. "What 's the first thing?"

"There 's a Private Green who patrols the lane at the back of your garden. He reports he saw something suspicious the other night. Men diggin' a hole and luggin' a coffin and a body from the outhouse to bury it. Lot o' nonsense, of course, but information received, you know, and——"

Professor Tod's heart missed a beat. "Is that all Green saw?"

"That 's all, Sir."

"If you mop up that whisky and come with me I 'll show you the coffin," said the Professor, rising. "Ever heard of a reflecting telescope? I 've been working on one for some time." He opened the outhouse door. "Look at that square mounting. Not unlike a coffin when you come to think of it. The mirror that does the trick is fastened to the bottom of the tube. That bare patch over there," he went on, pointing to the middle of the lawn, "is now a mass of concrete. It 's to hold the heavy equatorial mounting that moves the tube by clockwork. Everything must be steady, you know, for astronomy. I 'll rig up the telescope for you. Yonder 's the moon and visibility 's good. We 'll get a fine view."

The constable was much interested. They carried out the "coffin," and the reflector was mounted in a few minutes.

"Have a look at those mountains on the moon, Constable," said the Professor. "Through that eyepiece. That 's right. You needn't shut one eye. Turn the little brass wheel and get it sharp. Five miles high. Aren't they wonderful?"

"Never saw the like o' that!" shouted the excited constable. "What are all the wee black holes?"

"Deep craters. The dark spots are dry-land seas the size of Australia."

"Dry-land seas? Ha! Ha! Is that so?"

After the lesson on lunar scenery they walked back to the house, laughing heartily at Green's imagination. The constable became grave again. "More trouble, Professor. I 've another question to ask. Heard from your wife lately? She 's up in London at A.R.P. work, I hear."

Professor Tod's heart missed another beat. "Yes. She 's in London. Doing a special course of lectures."

"We don't know anything for certain yet, mind. But in that last big blitz on Monday night a post was blown sky-high with a direct hit. Twenty people killed. Bodies knocked about a bit. One o' them was half-identified as Mrs. Tod by a warden. I 'm sorry, Sir, to have to tell you all this, but the warden who identified her was killed an hour later. Mrs. Tod was missing from the post, and they rang us up to see if she might be at home. Didn't want to worry you at first, Sir. You understand, I 'm sure."

Professor Tod collapsed in a chair. "She 's not here, Constable. I 'm afraid it 's my wife. This is terrible. I 'll go up to London to-morrow to make sure."

"He took it like a man," said the constable afterwards in the Bricklayers' Arms. "Gave me a cigar and a glass of whisky as well as a peep through his big telescope at the moon. What I say about Hitler—he 's a murderer—a perfect murderer."

"So am I," Professor Tod might have thought when the tired officials accepted his identification of Violet in London next day.

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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THINGS are not always what they seem, a case in point being the admirably tailored coat and skirt above. It may be seen at Lillywhites, Piccadilly: it suggests tweed but is really linen. It has a fitted back and elbow-length sleeves, while the neck is finished with a neat white collar. It may be added that a special feature is made of outfits for men and women in the Services.

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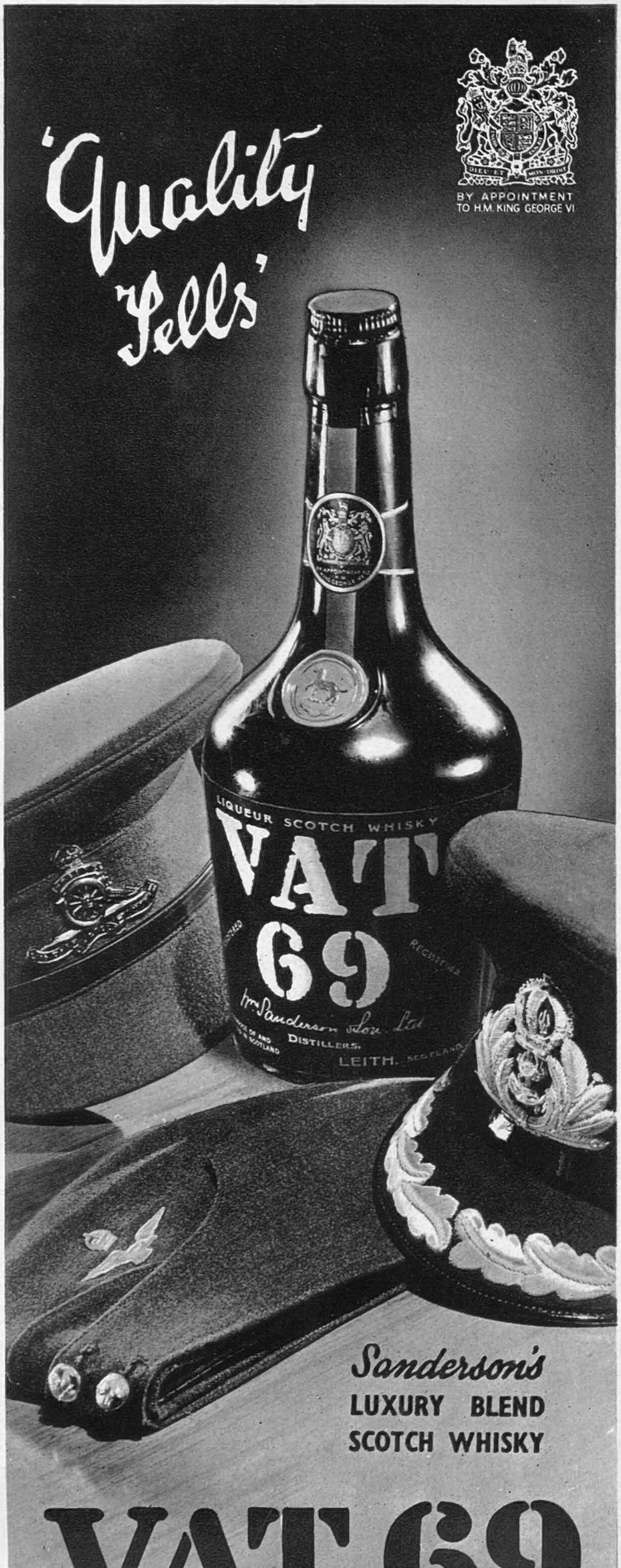

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